



The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAUREN STOUT

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SYNOPSIS.

John Vallant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Vallant corporation, which has been founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Danbury coat, a secretary's estate in Virginia. On the way to Danbury court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristol exchange reminiscences during which it is revealed that the mayor, Vallant's father, and a man named Sussan were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sussan and Vallant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Vallant finds Danbury court overgrown with weeds and creaks and decides to rehabilitate the place. Vallant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sucks the poison from the wound and saves his life. Vallant learns for the first time that his father left Virginia on account of a duel in which Doctor Southall and Major Bristol acted as his father's seconds. Vallant and Shirley become good friends. Mrs. Dandridge faints when she meets Vallant for the first time. Vallant discovers that he has a fortune in old walnut trees.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"I got over it before I was old enough to make myself a butt of hilarity," the doctor retorted. "I see by the papers they've invented a new dance called the grizzly bear. I believe there's another named the yipkyoodle. I hope you've got 'em down to show the young folk tonight, Bristol."

The major got up with some irritation. "Southall," he said, "sometimes I'm tempted to think your remarks verge upon the personal. You don't have to watch me dance if you don't choose to."

"No, thank God," muttered the doctor. "I prefer to remember you when you still preserved a trace of dignity—twenty odd years ago."

"If dignity—" the major's blood was rising now—"consists in your eternal tasteless bickerings, I want none of it. What on earth do you do it for? You had some friends once."

"Friends!" snapped the other, "the fewer I have the better!"

The major clapped on his straw hat angrily, strode to the door, and opened it. But on the threshold he stopped, and presently shut it, turned back slowly and resumed his chair. The doctor was relighting his cigar, but an odd furtive look had slipped to his face, and the hand that struck the match was unsteady.

For a time both sat smoking, at first in silence, then talking in a desultory way on indifferent topics. Finally the major rose and tossed his cigar into the empty grate.

"I'll be off now," he said. "I must be on the field before the others."

As he went down the steps a carriage, drawn by a pair of dancing grays, plunged past. "Who are those people with the Chalmers, I wonder," said the doctor. "They're strangers here."

The major peered. "Oh," he said, over his shoulder, "I forgot to tell you. That's Silas Fargo, the railroad president from New York, and his daughter Katharine. His private car's down on the siding. They're at the judge's—his chief counsel for the road in this state. They'll be at the tournament, I reckon. You'll be there, won't you?"

The doctor was putting some phials and instruments into a worn leather bag. "No," he said, shortly. "I'm going to take a ten-mile drive—to go to this county's population, I expect. But I'm coming to the dance. Promised Vallant I would, in a moment of temporary aberration."

CHAPTER XXII.

A Virginian Runnymede. "June in Virginia is something to remember." Today the master of Danbury Court deemed this a true saying. For the air was like wine, and the drifting white wings of cloud, piled above the amethystine ramparts of the far Blue Ridge, looked down upon a violet world bound in green and silver. In his bedroom Vallant stood looking into the depths of an ancient wardrobe. Presently he took from a hook a suit of white flannel in which he arrayed himself. Over his soft shirt he knotted a pale gray scarf. The modish white suit and the rolling Panama threw out in fine contrast the keen sun-tanned face and dark brown eyes. In the hall below he looked about him with satisfaction. For the last three days he had labored tirelessly to fit the place for the evening's event. The parlor now showed walls rimmed with straight-back chairs and the grand piano—long ago put in order—had been relegated to the library. That instinct for the artistic, which had

made him a last resort in the vexing problems of club entertainments, had aided him in the Court's adornment. Out of the kitchens Cassandra's egg-beating chatted like a watchman's rattle, while Aunt Daphne put the finishing touches to an array of lighter edibles destined to grace the long table on the rear porch, now walled in with snow-white muslin and hung with candle-lusters. Under the trees Uncle Jefferson was even then experimenting with various punch compounds, and a delicious aroma of vanilla came to Vallant's nostrils.

The Red Road, as Vallant's garage passed, was dotted with straggling pedestrians: humble country folk who trudged along the grassy foot-path with no sullen regard for the swift cars and comfortable carriage that left them behind; sturdy barefooted children who called shrilly after him, and happy-go-lucky negro youths elid in their best with Sunday shoes dangling over their shoulders, slouching regardlessly in the dust—all bound for the same Mecca, which presently rose before him, a gateway of painted canvas proclaiming the field to which it opened Runnymede.

He halted his car at the end of the field and snapped a leash in the old dog's collar. "I hate to do it, old man," he said apologetically to Chum's reproachful look, "but I've got to. There are to be some stunts, and in such occasions you're apt to be concerned, which might cause a mix-up. Never mind; I'll anchor you where you won't miss anything."

With the excited dog tugging before him, he threaded his way through the press with great exhalation. Now and then his gloved hand touched his cap at a salutation. He was conscious of swift bird-like glances from pretty girls. Here was none of the rigid straight-ahead gaze or vacant stare of the city boulevard; the eyes that looked at him, frankly curious and inquiring, were full of easy open comradeship. Some of the girls wore gowns and hats that might that morning have issued from the Rue de la Paix; others were habited in cheap materials. But about the latter hung no unbending self-consciousness. All bore themselves alike. He was beginning to realize that there might really exist straitened circumstances, even actual poverty, which yet created no sort of social difference.

Opposite the canvas-covered grand stand sat twelve small mushroom tents, each with a staff and tiny flag. Midway lines of flaxen ropes stretched between rows of slender peeled saplings from whose tops floated fanged streamers of vivid bunting. A pavilion of purple cloth, open at the sides,



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awaited for the committee, and near the center, a negro band was disposed on camp-stools, the brass of the waiting instruments winking in the sunlight. The stand was a confused glow of color, of light gauzy dresses, of young girls in pastel muslins with flowers in their belts, picturesque hats and slender articulated hands darting in vivacious gestures like white swallows—the gentry from the "big houses."

The light athletic figure, towed by the white bull-dog, drew many glances. Vallant's eyes, however, as they swept the seats, were looking for but one, and at first vainly. He felt a quick pang of disappointment. Perhaps she would not come! Perhaps her mother was still ill. Perhaps—but then suddenly his heart beat high, for he saw her in the lower tier, with a group of young people. He could not have told what she wore, save that it was of soft Murillo blue with a hat whose down-

curved brim was wound with a shaded plume of the same tint. Her mother was not with her. She was not looking his way as he passed—her arms at the moment being held out in an adorable gesture toward a little child in a smiling matron's lap—and but a single glance was vouchsafed to him before the major seized upon him and bore him to the purple pavilion, for he was one of the committee.

But for this distraction, he might have seen, entering the stand with the Chalmers just as the band struck up a delicious whirl of "Dixie," the two strangers whom the doctor had observed an hour before as they whirled by the Merryweather Mason house behind the judge's grays. Silas Fargo might have passed in any gathering for the unobtrusive city man. Katharine was noticeable anywhere, and today her tall willowy figure in its champagne-color lingerie gown and hat garnished with bronze and gold tints, setting in relief her ivory statuesque face, drew a wave of whispered comment which left a sibilant wake behind him. The party made a picturesque group as they now disposed themselves, Katharine's colorless loveliness contrasting with the eager sparkle of pretty Nancy Chalmers and the gipsy-like beauty of Betty Page.

"You call it a tournament, don't you?" asked Katharine of the judge. "Yes," he replied. "It's a kind of contest in which twelve riders compete for the privilege of naming a Queen of Beauty. There's a ball to-night, at which the lucky lady is crowned. Those little tents are where the noble knights don their shining armor. See, there go their caparisoned chargers."

A file of negroes was approaching the tents, each leading a horse whose saddle and bridle were decorated with fringes of various hues. In the center of the red lists, directly in front of the stand, others were planting upright in the ground a tall pole from whose top projected a horizontal arm like a slender gallows. From this was suspended a cord at whose end swung a tiny object that whirled and glittered in the sun.

The judge explained. "On the end of the cord is a silver ring, at which the knights tilt with lances. Twelve rings are used. The pike-points are made to fit them, and the knight who carries off the greatest number of the twelve is the victor. The whole thing is a custom as ancient as Virginia—a relic, of course, of the old jousting of the feudal ages. The ring is supposed to represent the device on the boss of the shield, at which the lance-thrust was aimed."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Katharine, and turning, swept the stand with her lorgnette. "I suppose all the county's F. F. V.'s are here," she said laughingly to Nancy Chalmers. "I've often wondered, by the way, what became of the Second Families of Virginia."

"Oh, they've mostly emigrated North," answered Nancy. "The ones that are left are all ancient. There are families here that don't admit they ever began at all."

Silas Fargo shook his stooped shoulders with laughter. "Up North," he said genially, "we've got regular factories that turn out ready-made families for anybody who wants to root in one."

And now over the fluttering stand and the crowd about the barriers, a stir was discernible. Katharine looked again at the field. "Who is that splendid old man giving directions? The one who looks like a lion. He's coming this way, now."

"That's Major Montague Bristol," said the judge. "He's been master of the heralds for years. The tournament could hardly happen without the major."

"I'm sure I'd like him," she answered. "What a lovely girl he is talking to!"

It was Shirley who had beckoned the major from the lists. She was leaning over the railing. "Why has Ridgely Pendleton left?" she asked in a low voice. "Isn't he one of the twelve?"

"He was. But he's ill. He wasn't feeling up to it when he came, but he didn't give up till half an hour ago. We'll have to get along with eleven knights."

She made an exclamation of dismay. "Poor Ridgely! And what a pity! There have never been less than the full number. It will spoil the royal quadrille tonight, too. Why doesn't the committee choose some one in his place? Listen. Why not ask Mr. Vallant? He is our host tonight. I'm

sure he'd be glad to help out, even without the costume."

"Egad!" he said, pulling his imperial. "None of us had thought of him. He could ride Pendleton's mount, of course." He reflected a moment. "I'll do it. It's exactly the right thing. You're a clever girl, Shirley."

He hastily crossed the field, while she leaned back, her eyes on the flanneled figure—long since recognized—under the purple pavilion. She saw the committee put their heads together and hurriedly enter.

In the moment's wait, Shirley's gloved fingers clasped and unclasped somewhat nervously. The riders had been chosen long before John Vallant's coming. If a saddle, however, was perfect to be vacant, what more appropriate than that he should fill it? The thought had come to her instantly, unbidden of an underlying regret, which she had all along cherished, that he was not to take part. But beneath this was a deeper passionate wish that she did not attempt to analyze to see him assume his place with others long habituated to that closed circle—a place rightfully his by reason of birth and name—and to lighten the gloomy shadow, that must rest on his thoughts of his father, with warmer sunnier things. She heaved a secret sigh of satisfaction as the white-clad figure rose in acquiescence.

The major returned to the grand stand and held up his hand for silence. "Our gracious Liege," he proclaimed, in his big vibrant voice, "Queen of Beauty yet unknown, Lords, Knights and Esquires, Fair Dames and gentles all! Whereas divers noble persons have entered and taken upon them to hold fests and tournaments, you are hereby acquainted that the lists of Runnymede are about to open for that achievement of arms and grand and noble tournament for which they have so long been famed. But an hour since one of our noble knights, pricking hither to tilt for his lady, was beset by a grievous malady. However, our jousting lack the royal number, a new champion hath at this last hour been found to fill the Table Round, who of his courtesy doth consent to ride without armor."

A buzz ran over the assemblage. "It must be Pendleton who has defaulted," said Judge Chalmers. "I heard this morning he was sick. Who's the substitute knight, I wonder?"

At the moment a single mounted herald before the tents blew a long blast on a silver horn. Their flags parted and eleven knights issued to meet their steeds and draw into line behind him. They were brilliantly decked in fleshings with slashed doublets and plumed chapeaus, and short jeweled cloaks drooped from their shoulders. Pages handed each a long lance which was held perpendicular, the butt resting on the right stirrup. Under the pavilion, just for the fraction of a second, Vallant hesitated. Then he turned swiftly to the twelfth tent. Its flag-staff bore a long streamer of deep blood-red. He snatched this from its place, flung it about his waist and knotted it sash-wise. He drew the rose from his lapel and thrust it through the band of his Panama, leaped to the saddle of the horse the major had beckoned, and with a quick thrust of his heel, swung to the end of the stamping line.

The field and grand stand had seen the quick decision, with its instant action, and as the hoofs thudded over the turf, a wave of hand-clapping ran across the seats like a silver rain. "Neatly done, upon my word!" said the judge, delighted. "What a daring idea! Who is it? Is it—bless my soul, it is!"

Katharine Fargo had dropped her lorgnette with an exclamation. She stood up, her wide eyes fixed on that figure in pure white, with the blood-red cordon flaunting across his horse's flanks and the single crimson blossom glowing in his hat.

"The White Knight!" she breathed. "Who is he?"

Judge Chalmers looked round in sudden illumination. "I forgot that he would be likely to know him, he said. 'That is Mr. John Vallant of Danbury Court.'

"Who is that splendid Old Man Giving Directions? The One Who Looks Like a Lion."

major!" she whispered to Betty Page. "How he loves the center of the stage! And he's effective, too. Thirty years ago, father says, he might have been anything he wanted to—even United States Senator. But he would never leave the state. Not that I blame him for that," she added; "I'd rather be a church-mouse in Virginia than Czar's daughter anywhere else."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Heavy Smoker. Unique among the devotees of "My Lady Nicotine" is a Dutch sailor named Berkin, whose boast it is that for the last 65 years his pipe has consumed a pound of tobacco weekly. It requires no skill in arithmetic to discover that the "Dutch chimney," as he is proud to be known, has dissipated in smoke more than 20 hundredweight of tobacco, which is exactly 24 times his own weight!

brother," sadly rejoined the deacon. "Feeling a trifle weak and faint, I helped myself from this larger bottle."

Russia's National Debt. For several years Russia has been increasing its national debt, and figures show that over 45 per cent. of loans emitted in the course of the last five years were subscribed in foreign countries.

The Russian government is anxious to get money from other lands and is expected to seek further safety in European markets very shortly with which to meet requirements for the present year.

Statistics show that during the past five years 5169.6 million rubles were raised by Russia, 2657.1 millions in the country, and 1059.3 abroad. The value of a ruble is about 51 cents.

Very striking is the manner in which the Russian national debt has been increased in the course of the last two years, as also the additional amount of money borrowed on foreign markets in the year 1912, which jumped from 256.0 million in 1911 to 448.3 million last year.

That's why I'm cautioning you,

Are You Alive? There is no way by which you can "probe" to another that you are alive. It is a matter of consciousness, of your own consciousness, and he who doubts your existence must keep on doubting so far as any argument that you may be able to offer him is concerned. If he will not take your word on the matter, the whole controversy is forever settled.

Deacon Had Suffered From Appearance of Evil and Realized Sense of Duty.

One day a western deacon went to make a fraternal call on an esteemed brother, and while engaged in conversation there came a knock at the door and the host was summoned to attend to a matter of business.

"Brother," impressively remarked the deacon when the host returned, "I feel that it is my duty to tell you that you should avoid even the appearance of evil."

"Why, deacon," responded the host in a surprised voice, "to what are you referring?"

"Those deacons on the sidewalk," solemnly answered the deacon, "each of them is filled with what appears to be ardent spirits."

"That's a conceit of my wife's, deacon," laughed the host, "asly relaying."

"The bottles were so pretty that she filled them with floor stain and furniture polish just for a show."

"That's why I'm cautioning you,

OLD COTTAGES BUILT OF MUD

Interesting Group of Houses Constructed by Forefathers of the Modern Cement Block.

London.—"I have been greatly interested in seeing in recent issues of your journal the photographs and descriptions of ancient mud cottages," says a writer in Country Life. "Your correspondents send isolated cases of these, but I am sending you photographs taken at Scarrington, a little village about twelve miles from Nottingham, where there is quite a hamlet of these mud-walled cottages. There are two parts to this village—the old and the new—the latter being built about five or six hundred



Well Preserved Mud Cottage.

yards from the old part, and is quite uninteresting. But the old portion, being quite detached from the more modern part, has quite a number of these mud-walled dwellings. They appear to be hundreds of years old, and are now getting so unsafe that they are all condemned. The walls of many of them are nearly two feet thick, solid mud, and from the appearance of the walls in some places, seem to have been built of slabs or large "bricks" of mud. Some idea of the thickness of the walls may be got from a view of the ruined dovecote. This is an extremely interesting building. I was told by the farmer at this place that the entrance doorway to the "cote" was only about three feet high, and all the interior walls are honeycombed with nesting holes for the birds, both compartments of the building being alike inside. I understand that there used to be a thatched roof to this place, but it got into such disrepair that a new tiled roof had to be supplied. Indeed, in some cases, the mud-built cottages they have had to be repaired from time to time, and this has been done in most cases with brickwork. The whole of the old hamlet is well worth a visit, for it has the appearance almost of an Early Saxon group of dwellings. It seems a pity these old places must eventually disappear; but one of the villagers there told me they were scarcely fit for human habitation and they must give place to modern houses.

"Sir Knights: The tournament to which we are gathered today is to us traditional; a relic of antiquity and a monument of ancient generations. This relic of the jousts of the Field of the Cloth-of-Gold points us back to an era of knightly deeds, fidelity to sacred trust, obligation to duty and loyalty to woman—the watchwords of true knight-hood."

"We like to think that when our forefathers, offspring of men who established chivalry, came from overseas, they brought with them not only this ancient play, but the precepts it symbolizes. We may be proud, indeed, knowing that this is no hollow ceremonial, but an earnest that the flower of knight-hood has not withered in the world, that in an age when the greed of gold was never so dazzling, the spirit of true gallantry has not faded, but blooms luxuriant in the sparkling dews of the heart of this commonwealth."

"Most Noble Knights! In the name of that high tradition which this day preserves! In the memory of those other knights who practiced the tourney in its old-time glory! In the sight of your Queen of Beauty! I charge you, Southern gentlemen, to joust with that valor, fairness and truth which are the enduring glories of the knight-hood of Virginia!"

Over the ringing applause, Nancy Chalmers looked at him with a little smile, quizzical yet soft. "Dear old

British Government to Preserve Liquor Cellar of the Cardinal at Whitehall.

London.—Cardinal Wolsey's wine cellar is to be undisturbed by the government, when the additional offices are built at Whitehall. For years past the vault has served as a refreshment room for the clerks of the public offices in the United States Institution. It is a low chamber. When the stucco facing was cleared from the brick the arms of the great cardinal, carved in stone, were brought to view. Although Wolsey probably built Whitehall palace, York place was standing 300 years before his time and had been occupied in succession by 17 archbishops of York. The wine vault was situated immediately behind the great hall. When Henry VIII seized the palace it belonged to the see of York, and was a place of sumptuous magnificence. Its buildings and gardens covered three acres, and from the stairs upon the river Wolsey entered his barge and was rowed to Esher after his disgrace. Henry, as soon as he got the palace, changed its name to York place. In 1698 fire burned through all of the buildings above ground, and subsequent excavations have destroyed all below the surface except the cardinal's wine cellar.

JUDITH, GAUTHIER AS BUDDHA

Noted French Writer on Chinese Subjects Gives Her Guests a Surprise.

Paris.—Regularly every year during the carnival the well known writer on Chinese subjects, Mme. Judith Gauthier, gives a little party in her wonderful house in the Rue Washington in Paris. The house is a museum of Chinese art and Mme. Gauthier's guests always find something new to interest them.

At this year's party, when the guests arrived, their hosts were not there to receive them. The servants told them that madame would come presently, and called their attention to her latest treasure, a magnificent life sized Buddha with a painted face and covered with a wonderful cloth of gold. The Buddha sat on the piano and the guests were admiring it when it sneezed and coughed. It was Mme. Judith Gauthier herself.

HOUSE FITTINGS MUST BE GAY

Riot of Color Displaces Sombre Hues Everywhere in London Homes.

London.—House decorators are busy everywhere in London and all wish to be considered absolutely up to date use vivid hues in their homes. Gone are the delicate-hued flower chintzes from the select drawing rooms, and in their stead are to reign Leon Kakot shades and "cubist" silks covered with strange devices.

Black walls and black carpets are the things of the moment, with or without a pattern of bright colors upon them. A lot of the new wall papers have designs of fruit rioting over

them.

It's ODD to see one woman rub away for dear life—working hard—wasting time—while another takes it easy—makes dirt fall away more rapidly and "worklessly" with RUB-NO-MORE.



RUB-NO-MORE WASHING POWDER is a sudess dirt remover for clothes, sinks, toilets and

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Men's \$3.50 to \$5.00

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